

Wheeler, aged 69 years; Oct. 22, Mary, wife of W. Wheeler, aged 6 years. 11 Murray, child of Mrs. H. Kendall, and Hamlin, Catherine Nov. 1, Maria, son of Nelson, aged 1 year. Infant Anderson, aged 1 year. Charles Harper, G. Lewis, aged 1 year. A. Hannah, wife of W. W. Woburn, Mass., Cora M., wife of Mr. John W. Sam S. Brierley, Oct. 28, Mrs. 29, formerly of 1 year. Elizabeth Caroline Mrs. Harriet, 1 year, 6 mos. Walker, aged 1 year.

# THE FARMER

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS LITERATURE NEWS &c.

State Library 1892

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum, in Advance.

Vol. LXIII.

No. 2.

## Maine Farmer.

### INDIAN CORN.

Bacon Columbia's emblem,  
The bounteous, golden Corn!  
Eos ago, of the great sun's glow  
And the joy of the earth, 'twas born.

From Superior's soil it sprang,  
From the dawn of day to the west,

With banners of green and tasseled sheen,  
Sprang at the sun's behest;

With honey and wine 'twas fed,

Till the gods were fair to share with men.

The perfect feast outspread.

For the raven boat to the land they loved

Was the Corn so rich and fair,

Nor star nor broom o'er the farthest seas

Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the Incas

Offered the heaven sent maize—

Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,

For the sun's enraptured gaze;

And its harvest came to the wondering tribes

As a gift from the chair

During the days here most

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## Woman's Department.

## MOTHER'S HYMNS.

Hushed are those lips, their earthly song is ended;  
The singer sleeps at last;  
While I sit gazing at her arm chair vacant  
And think of days long past.

The room still echoes with the old-time music,  
As singing soft and low  
Those grand, sweet hymns, the Christian's consolation.  
She rocks her to and fro.

Some that can stir the heart like shouts of triumph  
Or loud-toned trumpet's call,  
Bidding the people prostrate fall before him,  
"And crown him Lord of All."

And tender notes, filled with melodious rapture,  
That leaned upon his word,  
Rose in those strains of solemn deep affection,  
"I love the kingdom, Lord."

Safe hidden in the wondrous "Rock of Ages,"  
She bade farewell to fear;  
Sure that her Lord would always gently lead her,

She read her "title clear."

Joyful she saw "from Greenland's icy mountains"

The gospel flag unfurled;  
And knew by faith "the morning light was breaking"

Over a sinful world.

"There is a fountain"—how the tones triumphant  
Rose in victorious strains!

"Filled with that precious blood, for all the sinner'd  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

Dear saint, in heavenly mansions long since folded,  
Safe in God's fostering love,

She joins in rapture in the blissful chorus

Of those bright choirs above.

There, where no tears are known, no pain or sorrow,

Safe beyond Jordan's roll,

She lives forever with her blessed Jesus,

The lover of her soul.

## A CRITICISM UPON THE WORK OF A FARMER'S WIFE.

Doubtless there are hundreds of farmers' wives in New England who have just read, or will read, in the November number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* Helen Jay's article upon "The Work of a Farmer's Wife." It is the second article in a series of five relating to "farmers' wives."

I believe the majority of farmers' wives will agree with me, that when reading it they felt an indignant feeling of resentment rise within them at being thus unjustly pictured before the world in a magazine so widely circulated.

What she says may be true of some women, but it is very evident she either judges from a superficial view, or from preceding generations, or from a different class of people than populate the farms of Maine. I admit some of it is true, but by no means in the sweeping manner in which she writes.

In the first paragraph we find: "Physicians say that the insane asylums of our Eastern States are largely recruited from the neighboring farms, and that farmers' wives are more subject to certain mental diseases than any other class of the community. The scientific explanation of this fact is the monotony, not only of their lives, but of their surroundings."

Three years ago I saw that same statement somewhere, and took pains to write to the Superintendent of the insane asylum at Augusta to ask him if it were true. He wrote back that there certainly were more farmers' wives than others in the asylum, but only in proportion as the farmers numbered more in population throughout the State.

Helen Jay says: "Too many parlors are like miniature cemeteries, they are so filled with memorials of the dead. It is not an uncommon thing to see two or more coffee plates, inscribed with the names of the deceased members of the household, together with their ages and the dates of their deaths, placed conspicuously on the mantel-piece, or hanging on the wall."

Certainly I have never seen such a thing in my life. As to ventilation, I believe the majority of farm houses are better ventilated, and their occupants less likely to take cold than many living in air-tight city houses, kept at summer heat, and the air vitiated with coal gas.

"They dress as their grandmothers did, without regard to the changes of climate even that have taken place since those early days. \* \* \* They brush the hair back tightly from the face with a brush dipped repeatedly in water, and twist it into a compact knot at the back of the head, just as their mothers did before them."

I thought of those remarks while at Grange meeting last week, and at church yesterday. I did not see but what the majority of the women were dressed in the present fashion, and in just as good taste, so far as their means allowed, as the ladies at Congress square church, where I attended two weeks ago.

We farmers' wives take our fashion journals and follow them with common sense. To be sure our mothers and grandmothers generally comb their hair as they have done for many years, and they would hardly seem natural in any other way. But our young and middle aged women, I believe, take just as much pride in their appearance as our city cousins.

It is true the farmer's wife does not walk much in the country as it would well be for her to do, because she nearly always has a team, and in the winter the roads are generally bad. But among the masses of the people in the city there are a great many busy mothers who do not get out to walk as often as the country woman.

Helen Jay advises us to wear sunbonnets, to protect us from the hot sun. I wonder if she ever wore one? I wonder if she knows how they keep off whatever breeze there may be, while we swelter in the cage?

I wonder if I am getting too earnest, and criticizing too severely? I do not mean to be unkind. But her "farmers' wives" must belong to an entirely different class of people from what I am acquainted with, all over our State of Maine, and I hate to have the world think we are a set of heathens or idiots. I wish I could take her to one of our Turner Grange meetings, and there hear

some of the intellectual papers read and discussed, and then take her about among the homes of its members.

*Buckfield, Mrs. V. P. DeCoster.*

## CHURNING AT A LOW TEMPERATURE.

Ex-Vice President Morton's dairymen gives *Hoard's Dairymen* this succinct account of how he churns Guernsey cream at a remarkably low temperature.

He has no trouble in churning sweet cream, and finds it as easy to churn as ripe cream. When the cows are on pasture and the weather warm, the cream is churned at 38°, but in cold weather he finds that a temperature of 42° to 44° is better.

He treats cream for the churn as follows: After it has been separated, it is cooled with a cream cooler, then placed in a cool room with a temperature of 40° until morning. The morning's cream is cooled on the cooler, and then put into the churn with the night's cream. After being thoroughly mixed the temperature will be about 40° to 44°.

To reduce the temperature, he breaks ice up in small pieces—about two-thirds of a milk pail—fills it up with water, and lets it stand for a few minutes. This is put in the churn with the cream, and if this amount will not reduce the temperature, put in more ice until you have the right temperature for churning.

When he starts in at 42° to the churn, the temperature will gradually rise, and when he is through churning the temperature is 48 to 50°. When the cream begins to get thick he puts in a pail of cold water, and in a few minutes the butter will begin to break from the milk. Now when the cream is in this form, take about five or six pounds of salt to 150 pounds of cream; put cold water on it to make a brine, and put this into the cream when the granules begin to break from the milk.

The next trouble will be when the butter begins to gather and form around the inside of your churn. To obviate this put in a pail or two of cold water, and in a few minutes your churning will be done.

The main trouble that a good many have in churning sweet cream is, that they put the cream into the churn as they would do with ripe cream and do not pay any more attention to it; second one needs a thermometer for a guide.

## MATTING AS A DECORATIVE MATERIAL.

The matting that comes wrapped about tea chests, which can be had for the asking at any large grocer's, can be made into decorative objects. It must be washed under pressure, after being washed in salt and water, to make it smooth; then it can be cut with a sharp knife and a ruler to keep the edge straight. In this way may be prepared a half-fringe or doily, window decorations for billiard rooms, or as a wall panel back-ground for photographs. In all cases, card or pasteboard is used for the foundation; over the edges of this the matting must be turned back an inch or more, after wetting; press again, this time with a hot iron.

A long strip, or rather two joined in the centre, may have as a finish in the middle and at either end a Cusco fan, which has about the same color. On the solid matting may be effectively painted a motto in straggling letters, suitable to the place, or large flowers, like the peony, sunflower or poppy.

The work must be done with a large hand movement, in order to give the requisite breadth of treatment.

Picture frames of wood may, in like manner, be finished with the matting. A long narrow panel, covered with this material, will afford a background for a dozen cabinet photographs, carelessly arranged at different angles. A single large photograph in a broad matting frame, plain or bronzed, is suitable for a chamber or sitting room. It may be painted with grasses and daisies. Portfolios and scarf cases are similarly made, and may be varied and decorated according to taste.

## DRESSING THE CHILDREN.

From birth to two years of age white lawn, dimity, nainsooks and cambrics hold sway, though after eighteen months light-colored ginghams, striped and figured flannels and Henriettes are sometimes worn, writes Emma H. Hooper in a very practical article on "Frocks for Girls of all Ages" in the November *Ladies' Home Journal*. The white guimpe is of tucked or feather-stitched nainsook, and is sufficiently warm for midwinter if all wool undergarments are worn. Every mother should know by this time the importance of clothing children in pure wool underwear, and herself, too, for that matter. As soon as the children begin to wear drawers let them have one of the many underwaists in vogue to button the drawers and stocking supporters upon, and later on the straps-finished seams are among the features of tailor-made costumes. They have this advantage, that one can fit cloth garment with much more ease by having the seam on the right side. These are then trimmed off and covered with bias bands of the material stitched down on either side.

A stylish costume has a flat fold of the material about five inches wide at the hem of the skirt. There is a double breasted jacket with lapels faced with corded silk, and a vest is suggested by an insertion to match, also in a plique. In some cases the material or which the embroidery is wrought is cut out; in other cases is laid on flat across the bust and front, extending to the waist line.

Voiles of embroidery are becoming more fashionable with every importation. Some of them have shoulder ruffles in epaulet fashion; others suggest a section of contrasting material, etc.

Plaid yokes, deep cuffs, bold lace, skirt panels and bands around the hem of skirts will be worn.

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ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by  
Badger & Manley,  
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1894.

TERMS.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID  
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF  
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one insertion, \$2.50 for three inser-  
tions, twenty-two cents for each subse-  
quent insertion.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. Ayer is now calling upon our sub-  
scribers in East Kennebec county.

Elephant skins are tanned to make car-  
pets. They wear nicely, but are ex-  
pensive.

In Litchfield they are building "a  
Baptist horse shed." We suppose it will  
be supplied with plenty of watering  
troughs.

A little miss, last week, picked and  
carried into the *Somerset Reporter*, a  
green cucumber five inches long.  
Since then the weather has been "cool  
as a cucumber."

The good old-fashioned way of reckoning  
that was practiced in the days of our  
forefathers would prescribe eighteen  
snow storms for the coming winter.  
This is about three-quarters of the  
number we enjoyed last year.

Last week Hon. William W. Thomas  
of Portland celebrated his 91st birthday  
anniversary. He is in good health and  
received calls and congratulatory epistles  
from a large number of friends and rel-  
atives.

The latest telegraphic news to our  
Boston correspondent, Geo. A. Coch-  
rane, is to the effect that the large ar-  
rivals of apples at Liverpool have af-  
fected the market but little; at London,  
demand large, with arrivals well cleared  
up.

A valued subscriber in Parkman  
writes: "I commenced taking the *Farmer*  
in 1851, and have taken it every year  
excepting one, and I expect to take it as  
long as I live. Should feel lost without  
it, and I consider it the best family  
paper in this State."

The terrible spread of tuberculosi-  
s over Rhode Island grows every day more  
apparent, and doubtless there will have  
to be a rigid quarantine established to  
prevent infected cattle from other States  
being brought in, it will cease to be  
the leading disease among Rhode Island  
cattle.

Ex-Governor Robie, who is one of the  
trustees of the State Insane Hospital, in  
company with Dr. Sanborn, of the Hos-  
pital, has been making an official tour of  
inspection of the institutions for the  
treatment of the insane in Massachusetts,  
Vermont and New Hampshire. They have been investigating as to the most  
new and improved methods to be found  
in our sister States.

Charles E. Merrill of China, who some  
ten years ago committed the inhuman  
crime of murdering his mother, was  
tried and found guilty of murder in the  
first degree, died recently at the Maine  
State Prison in Thomaston, at the age of  
36 years. At the time it didn't seem  
possible for a human being to commit  
such a horrid crime. It will be re-  
membered that after killing his mother,  
he cut her body into pieces, and stowed  
it away. Failing in his attempt to burn  
it he hid portions of the body in the  
cellar, barn, Barton woods, and other  
places.

On Monday morning, bright and early,  
the *Daily Kennebec Journal* appeared in  
a bright and sparkling dress of new type,  
the most of which was set by their new  
Thorne Type-Setting Machine, which is  
accounted a marvel in the realm of ma-  
chinery. This is the second machine  
that has been set up in a newspaper office  
in Maine, and does its work splendidly.  
It is only another evidence that the  
enterprising proprietors of the *Journal* intend  
to do everything in their power to  
give the very best to their patrons. This  
has been their steady purpose since  
they purchased the plant, and we have  
watched with pride the rapid advance  
of the *Journal*, to its present high  
position.

There are undoubtedly dangers sur-  
rounding "the new education" for  
women, and a caution uttered by a  
lady in the current *North American Review* against the education of our  
daughters out of their spheres of life,  
indicates one of the dangers of the new  
education. The higher training is not to  
be despised, but the great majority of  
women are to be wives and mothers, and  
the art of housekeeping is an important  
as the art of learning. If a woman is  
authority in Greek or Latin, and cannot  
make a loaf of bread or sweep a room,  
there is something wanting in the pro-  
portion of things, and there is just as  
much need of training for girls in the  
rudiments of housekeeping in the pub-  
lic schools as there is for the manual  
training of the boys.

"One of the queer things of life," says  
the sharp observer, "is the way in which  
men's wishes will control their bodily  
health. I stopped not long ago at a farm-  
house in the Maine woods region, where  
the occupant had a mineral fever, or to  
put it in other words, a firm belief that  
precious metals existed in the ledges on  
his land. On other subjects he was in  
feeble health, but say gold or silver to  
him and he was ready for any amount of  
exertion. The woodpile was scant and  
the housewife had to do both the chopp-  
ing and bringing in the wood. The man  
when requested for an armful of  
wood, languidly excused himself because  
too weak to comply. But within ten  
minutes of the refusal, he went half a  
mile over rough land and brought to the  
house a rock supposed to contain ore,  
that was a heavy load for a strong man,  
and seemed none the worse for it." So  
are some men moved in every fiber of  
their souls by the greed for gold.

FROM THE WOODS OF MAINE.

How fragrant are the woods of Maine!  
There is life and health in the balsamic  
air that comes from our evergreen pine  
forests. But there are songs, also, coming  
from the woods of Maine, and the singer  
in this instance is Miss Julia H. May of  
Farmington. The songs are enclosed in  
a beautiful 12 mo. volume of 130 pages,  
from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons,  
New York. The paper is rich and thick,  
and the type clear. The binding is in  
green cloth—the shade of the Maine  
pines. The covers are decorated, back  
and front, with the title and name of  
author, and, most appropriately, with a  
sprig of pine, in gilt. All in all the me-  
chanical execution is excellent, so that  
the volume pleases the eye at a glance,  
and invites a study of the contents.

Following the title page is the dedica-  
tion:

TO MY SISTER, SARAH RICE MAY.

My own thoughts vanished from my eyes,

I lift these woodland songs to you,

Just as of old I used to do.

To "look them over" in the skies.

And though it be, alas! too late

To hear your answer, every line

That seems, indeed, half yours, half mine

To you I dare to dedicate.

The body of the book is divided into  
three parts, the first containing upwards  
of seventy poems of miscellaneous  
character. These miscellaneous poems  
cover a wide range of subjects, from the  
deeply religious and very pathetic, to  
those of a sprightly and humorous style.

Among the especial favorites found  
in the is the well remembered poem,  
"Which One?" copied far and wide  
under several different titles, and with  
some variations, as such copies are apt  
to be. The closing stanzas are:

One of us dear,  
But one,  
By an open grave will drop a tear,  
And howard go,

The anguish of an unshared grief to know;

Darling, which one?

One of us, darling, it must be—

It may be you will slip from me;

My little life may first be done;

I'm glad we do not know which one.

One judges that the question has been  
answered, for the writer has evidently  
known what it is to have those nearest  
to her slip from her embrace into the  
unseen. And this experience has given  
her readers some of her most touching  
lines, that will fittingly express the  
feelings of many who also have been  
through deep waters. From one of the  
most pathetic poems we take the follow-  
ing stanza:

Ah! the sky has lost its blue,  
And the stars their twinkling ray;

And the garden has lost its fragrant breath,

Since my rose was stolen away;

And the woods their nightingale.

And my heart has lost a love so true,

That the springs of its river fall;

Yet, the river has lost its spring,

And the summer forgets its June,

And the harp of my heart

Is forever out of tune.

But the sorrow, deep as it has been,

and however strongly expressed it may  
be, is yet not the sorrow of despair, for  
in the saddest lines one finds a strong  
under-current of hope and trust, and  
from the entire work comes a most  
healthful and helpful atmosphere.

In "Transformation," a firm belief in  
immortality is most beautifully ex-  
pressed, while "My Best" gives the sub-  
stance of practical Christianity in a man-  
ner that will suggest a better way of  
living to many. From the former we take  
these stanzas:

Out of the sky has lost its blue,

And the stars their twinkling ray;

And the garden has lost its fragrant breath,

Since my rose was stolen away;

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And my heart has lost a love so true,

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## Items of Maine News.

R. W. Perry has been appointed post master at Lincolnville, vice R. B. Sherman, removed.

Charles Edwin Perkins, aged sixty-five years, a wealthy and influential citizen of Kennebunkport, died suddenly Monday morning of heart disease.

It is now hoped that the Bath Iron Works will be engaged upon the construction of another yacht, nearly if not quite as expensive as the Eleanor.

The total valuation of real estate in Camden this year is \$1,360,708; valuation of personal estate, \$275,608; total property, \$1,639,376.

Presque Isle is having quite a boom in real estate. This is, no doubt, due in a great measure to the construction of the new railroad.

Hallowell morning. A shock of the earth.

Some agents in Garmon amounts thousand

field, who and, Monday was rasped, and

and in Water- on, who is, fell, re- ure of one elbow and

was recently church in appointment it churc- in Mid-

Colby, is to the Baptist, post office address nomination its colleges

to be top this fall.

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waterproof G. Hobbs' work for with im- to develop at some

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ardiner, on at the 2 P. M. the 15th, selected from ass., and a in- to all in-

has been

in Garmon never lots

George, Robbins, died, and one-half the heart af- lady, much and nearly all dis- nise. Nine new stones of stones

Riverside, died, and afternoon, and one-half the heart af- lady, much and nearly all dis- nise. Nine new stones of stones

Montgomery, morning, on- dally dis- in the e, two miles loaded very far from his hand- was so lit with pow- to shreds, in fire. Mr. I. summoned wound, find-

a Dakota and 2 ounces, of 174 1830, being only in the lot, that for

manufactured in New- ill in New- last closed.

ised 600 barrels the size, high- from worms. ending about

rely, and only \$1.50 per barrel.

or resorts of place among anan Point, far from the We ask our criptive and this resort. This place ing desirable, every day, of this enter- elaborate and

Superior Court at Waterville.

The November term of the Superior Court convened at Waterville, Tuesday.

The following is a list of the jurors:

James Andrews, Gardiner, (excused); Sumner Barton, Augusta, (Foreman); P. J. Brown, Waterville; George H. Bryant, Oakland; Joseph Cain, August; Augustus L. Cobb, Winthrop; Horace Cousins, Waterville; Alphonse R. Dickey, (excused); Samuel E. Dill, Vassalboro; Edmund F. Dyer, Augusta; H. A. Farham, Chelsea; Charles Hunt, Benton; W. H. Merrill, Monmouth; George W. Nason, Sidney; Lewis Rowe, Albion; Harry L. Sands, Hallowell; J. M. Taylor, Winslow; William H. Waldron, Litchfield.



Mrs. Lizzie Cramp  
Pittsfield, Me.

## Grateful Thanks

For What Hood's Sarsaparilla Did

It Gave Good Digestion, Appetite, Excellent Health.

C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Dear Sirs.—Since I had a very hard cold, remained the whole of one winter, I have been in poor health. My hearing and eyesight have been seriously affected. I happened to read of Boston by the same condition as myself, and took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and found it to try this medicine, using with it Hood's Pills. I found both preparations

Just as Represented.

Since I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla I have not had any distress in my stomach, and

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

anything in better, my general health greatly improved, and I rest well at night. I have recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla to many friends and feel grateful for what it has done for me."

Mrs. LIZZIE CRAMP, Box 549, Pittsfield, Maine.

Hood's Pills are hand made, and perfect in proportion and appearance. 25¢ a box.

## FIRES IN MAINE.

The splendid set of buildings owned by Mrs. L. M. Keith, on Craigie Hill, about half a mile from Oxford village, were burned, Tuesday afternoon, 6th. The fire was discovered soon after noon, and the building was burned flat in 20 minutes. The house was built last summer at a cost of about \$8000. A large stable on the premises was saved. There is an insurance on the property.

E. F. Fairbrother's three and a half story block, Water street, Skowhegan, occupied by Wentworth & Oak, furniture dealers, and Joseph Hutchins, a barber, was gutted by fire. Thursday evening.

The stable contained thereon a large number of horses and buggies. These horses, pack and furniture were badly damaged by fire and water. The loss is estimated at eight thousand dollars; mostly covered by insurance. The fire caught in the stable.

Fire at 2 o'clock, Wednesday morning, in the electric light works at Portland, caused damage of less than \$1000 to the building, but all the valuable machinery used for lighting was destroyed with water, so that the loss will be from \$15,000 to \$20,000.

Mr. James Roake, of the Electric Light Company, said that the loss at \$10,000, but further examination showed that it was not so bad as was feared.

The armories occupied by the National Guard companies were also in the building, and were damaged. The electric light property was insured.

The farm buildings of Fred A. Spring of New Gloucester, were burned, Monday afternoon. Part of the furniture was saved, but nine cows perished and a large quantity of hay was destroyed.

The alarm of fire was sounded in Presque Isle village, about 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, for a blaze in the J. W. Bolton block. This block is occupied by Godhue & Lane, cutlery, and also houses the church edifice which is a commodious and handsome structure.

Mr. Jordan will be greatly missed by his church and people.

Rev. C. S. Holton, of the Central Congregational Society of Eastport, has been compelled to give up his preaching through indisposition, and left with his wife, last week, for the West, where he hopes to procure speedy relief, and be able to back with his church at an early date.

It is expected there will be an all

day meeting at West Winterport church on the 29th, Thanksgiving day. At 2 P. M. there will be an ordination by the Church of God there.

The past week the Church of God held a ministerial Association and Quarterly session at the Porter School House in Searsport.

A good degree of religious interest is manifested in the Moody neighborhood in Monroe where Elder M. Andrews and Mrs. A. McIntire are holding meetings.

## STATE OF MAINE.

By the Governor—a Proclamation.  
From its earliest history the State has annually set apart one day near the close of the autumn season to thank God for His goodness and mercy to us, as a people. Therefore, I, Henry B. Cleaves, Governor of Maine, in accordance with the present resolution of the Executive Council appoint Thursday, the twenty-ninth of the present month, as a day of

Thanksgiving and Praise to God.

Let it be observed by rest from secular employments, in the gathering of kindred and family friends, in the free spirit of humility, in devout recognition of our homes and places of worship, of the innumerable blessings bestowed upon the State.

Let also the gratitude of the people find expression in generously remembering the unemployed in distress, that it may be a day of thankfulness in every heart and household.

Given under my hand at Augusta, this first day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and ninth.

Given under my hand at Augusta, this first day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and ninth.

By the Governor: NICHOLAS FESSENDEN, Secy of State.

## Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE PREMIUM TICKET.

BY LIZZIE A. L. TIBBETTS.  
Oh, oranges yellow,  
Bananas so mellow,  
And peaches deliciously sweet,  
Dear little ripe berries,  
And tempting, ripe cherries  
Are all very easy to eat.

Oil, pears, plums and quinces  
Are right royal prunes;  
Within the rich kingdom of fruit;  
The plums are ripe,  
Seeds high in my favor,

While currants and molons well suit.

Oh, lemons, sincerely!

I like them, truly;

Figs, dates, grapes and raisins are nice;

Ripe grapes were worth praising,

Tomatoes worth raising

And seas'ning with sugar and spice.

But, were I Committee,

—“I’m not fit for it!”

(Why, I’m not time to explain)

The Premium Ticket,

Why, surely, I’d stick it —

On the apples that grow in old Maine!

Our Story Teller.

## LAST OF THE VAMPIRES.

BY PHIL ROBINSON.

Do you remember the discovery of the "man-lizard" bones in a cave on the Amazon some time in the forties? Perhaps not. But it created a great stir at the time in the scientific world and in a lazy sort of way interested men and women of fashion. For a day or two it was quite the correct thing for Belolvia to talk of "connecting links," of "the evolution of man from the reptile," and "the reasonableness of the ancient myths" that spoke of centaurs and mermaids as actual existences.

The fact was that a German Jew, an India rubber merchant, working his way with the usual mob of natives through a cahuchu forest along the Maranon, came upon some bones on the river bank where he had pitched his camp. His curiosity made him try to put them together, and he had before him the skeleton of a creature with human legs and feet, a dog-like head, and immense bat-like wings. Being a shrewd man, he saw the possibility of money being made out of such a curiosity; so he put all the bones he could find into a sack and, on the back of a llama, they were in due course conveyed to Chachapoyas, and thence to Germany.

Unfortunately, his name happened to be the same as that of another German Jew, who had just then been trying to噪 the scientific world with some papirus rolls of a date anterior to the flood, and who had been found out and put to shame. So when his namesake appeared with the bones of a winged man, he was treated with scant ceremony.

However, he sold the India rubber very satisfactorily, and as for the bones, he left them with a young medical student of the ancient University of Bierundwurst, and went back to his cahuchu trees and his natives, and the banks of the Amazon. And there was an end of him.

The young student one day put his fragments together, and, do what he would, could only make one thing of them—a winged man, with a dog's head.

There were a few ribs, tummy, and some odds and ends of backbone which, though not what else could be expected of the anatomy of so extraordinary a creature! From one student to another the facts got about, and at last the professors came to hear of it. And, to cut a long story short, the student's skeleton was taken to pieces by the learned heads of the college, and put together again by their own learned hands.

But, do what they would, they could only make one thing of it—a winged man with a dog's head.

The master now became serious; the professors were at first puzzled, and then got quarreled over, and the result of their squabbling was that pamphlets and counterblasts were published, and so all the world got to hear of the bitter controversy about the "man lizard of the Amazon."

One side, declared, of course, that such a creature was an impossibility, and that the bones were a remarkably clever hoax. The other side retorted by challenging the skeptics to manufacture a duplicate, and publishing the promise of such large rewards to anyone who would succeed in doing so that the museum was beset for months by competitors. But no one could manufacture another man-lizard.

The man part was simple enough, provided they could get a human skeleton.

"So I turned the light fair upon it, and there, upon a kind of a ledge, sat a beast with a head like a large gray dog. Its eyes were as large as a cow's."

"What its shape was I could not see. But as I looked I began gradually to make out two huge bat-like wings, and these were spread out to their utmost, as if the beast were on tiptoe and ready to fly. And so it was.

"For just as I had realized that I before held some great bat-reptile of a kind unknown to science, except as a pre-diluvian, and the shock had thrilled through me at the thought that I was actually in the presence of a living specimen of the so-called extinct flying lizards of the flood, the thing launched itself upon the air and the next instant it was upon me.

"Clutching on to the canoe, it beat with its wings at the flame so furiously that it was all I could do to keep from capsizing, and, taken by surprise, I was nearly stunned by the strength and rapidity of the blows before I attempted to defend myself.

"By that time—scarcely half a minute had elapsed—the beast had been nearly emptied by the powerful brute, and the vampire, mistaking me, no doubt, for a victim of sacrifice, had taken hold of me. The next instant I had driven a spear clean through his body, and with a prodigious tumult of wings, the thing loosed its claws from my clothes and dropped off into the stream.

"As quickly as possible I rekindled my light and now saw the arinchi, with wings outstretched upon the water, drifting down on the current.

"Hour after hour, with my reflector turned full upon that gray dog's head with cow-like eyes, I passed along down the dark and silent waterway I ate and drank as I went along, but did not go to sleep. A day may have passed and two nights, and then, as I had long expected, I saw right ahead a pale, eye-shaped glimmer, and knew that was coming out into daylight again.

"The opening came nearer, and it was with intense eagerness that I gazed upon my trophy, the floating arinchi, the last of the winged reptiles.

"Already, in imagination, I saw myself the foremost of travelers in European fame, the hero of the day. What were Banks' kangaroos, or Du Chaillu's gorillas to my discovery of the last survivor of the pterodactyls of the flood, the flying saurian of the pre-Noachian epoch of catastrophe and mud.

"Full of these thoughts, I had not noticed that the vampire was no longer moving, and suddenly the bow of the canoe bumped against it. In an instant it had climbed up onto the boat. Its great bat-like wings once more beat me and scattered the flaming brands, and the thing made a desperate effort to get past me back into the gloom. It had seen the daylight approaching, and rather than face the sun, preferred to fight.

"Its ferocity was that of a maddened dog, but I kept it off with my pole, and seeing my opportunity as it clung, flapping its wings upon the bow, gave it such a thrust as made it drop off. It began to swim (I then for the first time noticed its long neck), but with my pole I struck it on the head and stunned it, and once more saw it go drifting on the current into daylight.

"What a relief it was to be out in the open air! It was noon, and as we passed out from under the entrance of the cave, the river blazed so in the sunlight that after the two days of almost total darkness I was blinded for a time. I turned my canoe to the shore, to the shade of trees, and throwing a noose over the floating body, let it tow behind.

"Its friends rather admired him for his fatidiosus notions. It was gratifying to find some one who stuck to his ideals. But all this was before he moved to the suburbs.

"What changed him? Perhaps it was the fresh air direct from the prairie. Perhaps it was the open-air life and the daily contact with rural population. At any rate there was a change.

"I suppose every man has had in his last year's pocket letter that was to have been answered next day," said another. "I know that I have."

A third man told the following, with the unnecessary assurance that it was strictly true: "One of our neighbors on the West side was a druggist. To the time of his death he was supposed to be carrying a life insurance policy for ten thousand dollars. The policy could not be found among his papers; either

All but three. These three they gave to the vampire.

But what was the vampire? The Zaporos did not know. "Very long ago," said they, "there were many vampires in Peru, but they were all swallowed up in the year of the great earthquake, when the Andes were lifted up, and there was left behind only one, 'Arinchi,' who lived where the Amazon joins the Maranon, and he would not eat dead bodies—only live ones, from which the blood would flow."

When sacrifice was made to "the vampire," the victim was bound in a canoe and taken down the river to a point where there was a kind of winding backwater, which had shelving banks of slimy mud, and at the end there was a rock with a cave in it. And here the canoe was left. A very slow current flowed through the tortuous creek, and anything thrown into the water ultimately reached the cave. Some of the Indians had watched the canoes drifting along, a few yards only in an hour, and turning round and round as they drifted, and had seen them reach the cave and disappear within. And it had been a wonder to them, generation after generation, that the cave was never filled up, for all day long the current was flowing into it, carrying with it the sluggish flotsam of the river. So they said the cave was the entrance to hell, and botomless.

And one day a white man, a professor of that same university of Bierundwurst, and a mighty hunter of beetles before the lord, who lived with the Indians in friendship, went up the backwater, right up to the entrance, and set afloat inside the cave a little raft, heaped up with touchwood and knots of the oil tree, which he set fire to, and he saw the raft go creeping along, all ablaze, for an hour or more, lighting up the wet walls of the cave as it went on either side. And then it was put out.

It did not "go" out suddenly, as if it had upset or had floated over the edge of a waterfall, but just as if it had been beaten out.

For the burning fragments were dunged to one side and the other, and the pieces, still alight, glowed for a long time on the ledges and points of rock where they fell, and the cave was heated with the sound of a sudden wind and the echoes of the noise of great wings flapping.

And at last, one day, the professor went into the cave himself.

"I took," he wrote, "a large canoe, and from the bows I built out a brazier of stout cask hoops, and behind it a seat a gold-washing tin dish for a reflector, and loaded the canoe with roots of the resin tree, and oil wood and yams and dried meat. And I speak of myself, I gave it all my quinine and when the misana crept up the river at night I covered it with my rug and lay exposed myself. If the black fever should seize me!"

"Three months, and still upon this hideous river! Will it never end? I have been ill—so ill that for two days I could not feed it. I had not the strength to go ashore to find food, and I fear that I will die; die before I can get it home.

"Being ill again—the black fever! But it is alive. I caught a vicuna swimming in the river, and it sucked my dry—gallons of blood. It had been unfeasted three days. In its hungry haste it broke its muzzle. I was almost too feeble to put it on again. A horrible thought possesses me. Suppose it breaks its muzzle again, when I am lying ill, delirious, and it is really expert. Some of us around the corner have watched him day by day and are thinking of sending in a petition to have him promoted because of his valuable services."

"So I turned the light fair upon it, and there, upon a kind of a ledge, sat a beast with a head like a large gray dog. Its eyes were as large as a cow's."

"What its shape was I could not see. But as I looked I began gradually to make out two huge bat-like wings, and these were spread out to their utmost, as if the beast were on tiptoe and ready to fly. And so it was.

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"As quickly as possible I rekindled my light and now saw the arinchi, with wings outstretched upon the water, drifting down on the current.

"This is nearly all that was recovered of the professor's diary. But it is enough to tell us of the final tragedy.

The two skeletons were found together on the very edge of the river bank. Half of each, in the laps of years, had been washed away at successive flood tides. The rest, when put together, made up the man's tale.

Probably that coin was dropped by some poor widow who had gone out to do a day's shopping.

When a man meets a friend and the friend says: "By the way, here's that five you loaned me that day at the world's fair," the soul exults for a moment. But there come: a deep沉思, a long pause, and then: "I will not be able to pay you back to-morrow."

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**DON'T WAIT**  
For a Cold to Run into Bronchitis or Pneumonia.

Check it at Once  
WITH—  
**AYER'S**  
**Cherry Pectoral.**

"Early in the Winter, I took a severe cold which developed into an obstinate, hacking cough, very painful during the night, for nine weeks, in spite of numerous remedies. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral being recommended me, I began to take it, and inside of 24 hours, I was relieved of the tickling in my throat. Before I finished the bottle, my cough was nearly gone. I can speak too highly of its excellence." —Mrs. E. Bosch, Eaton, Ohio.

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**  
Received Highest Awards  
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR



**CURE**  
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Distress, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pale Face, etc., will find their most remarkable success has been shown in cutting

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Headsache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Distress, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pale Face, etc., will find their most remarkable success has been shown in cutting

**HEAD**  
They would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but for the price of a few cents, we will send them to you. They are strictly reliable, will not grip or purge, but by this gentle action, please all who use them. In sizes at 25 cents; live mail.

**ACHE**  
The base of so many lives that here is where they are found. Our pills cure it while others do not.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
are equally valuable in Consumption, curing dyspepsia, heart trouble, &c., while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

**CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.**

**Small Pill Small Dose Small Price.**

**WANTED.**

A good, capable girl to do housework. Apply to W. F. Atherton, Granite Hill Farm, Hallowell.

**U. S. Gold Cough Cure.**

**Horse Owners! Try GOMBAULT'S Caustic Balsam**

*A safe speedy and positive cure*

*for all kinds of BLISTER over sores, taken in pieces of all blisters, ulcers, & blenches removes all blenches & blenches from blenches & blenches. It is also a powerful Balsam to prevent scurvy or scurvy.*

*Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction.*

*Price \$1.00 per bottle, post paid, with full directions.*

*THE LAWRENCE-WILLIAMS CO., Cleveland, Ohio.*

**For Sale.**

**Second hand Sleigh, with two seats, upholstered, will be sold at a bargain.**

Apply at **MAIN FARMER OFFICE,** Augusta, Nov. 15, '94.

21st

**Messenger's Notice.**

*Offer of the Sheriff of Kennebec County, Nov. 10, 1894.*

**STATE OF MAINE.—KENNEBEC ss.**

*This is to give notice that on the tenth day of November, A. D. 1894, a Warrant in Insolvency was issued by the Commissioner for said county of Kennebec, against the estate of E. W. Jones of China, subject to an amount of indebtedness on account of said debtor, which amount was filed on the tenth day of November, 1894, in the amount of \$1,000.00, to be computed; that the payment of any debts to or by said debtor, and his trustee and delivery of any property by him for the benefit of the creditors of the creditors of said debtor, to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of his estate, and to have the same certified to be held at Augusta in said County, on the twenty-sixth day of November, A. D. 1894, at 10 o'clock A. M.*

*Given under my hand the date first above written.*

**E. W. MADDOX.**

*Deputy Sheriff, as Messenger of the Court of Insolvency for said county of Kennebec.*

21st

**Discharge of Insolvents.**

*A hearing will be had on the positions of*

*Geo. Douglass of Augusta, D. F. Giffill of*

*Winslow, John B. Friel of Waterville, and*

*John C. F. Giffill of Winslow, individual*

*Debtors, for a full discharge of all*

*their debts, provable under the insolvency law, to be held at the Probate Court Room*

*in Augusta, on Monday evening, the eighth day of November, 1894, at 2 o'clock P. M.*

*Attest:*

**EDWARD OWEN.**

*Recorder of the Court of Insolvency.*

Augusta, Nov. 12, 1894.

21st

### Items of General News.

William E. Russell of Massachusetts has been appointed a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners.

The Union League Club of New York made Rev. Dr. Parkhurst an honorary member. Dr. Parkhurst is the first clergyman to enjoy that distinction.

It is hard to obtain correct news from China, but it seems to be generally settled that Port Arthur has been taken by the Japanese without resistance.

On Tuesday the government authorized an issue of \$50,000,000 of 5 per cent, ten year bonds. The have all been spoken for in advance.

The National bank at Oberlin, Ohio, was robbed Thursday night. The front door was forced and the safe blown open with dynamite. A large sum of money was stolen.

The President, on Tuesday, made the following appointments: John Karel of Illinois, to be consul-general at St. Petersburg; Charles Jonas of Wisconsin, to be consul-general at Prague, Bohemia; Brigadier-General Alexander McDowell McCook has been appointed Major General of the United States army, vice Gen. Howard, retired. Colonel James W. Forsyth, 7th Cavalry, was appointed Brigadier-General to succeed Gen. McCook.

It is extremely weak in the city of Boston. During the past week 120 cases of diphtheria have been reported to the Board of Health, and there have been 25 deaths out of that number. The cases of typhoid fever reported are quite numerous, and the deaths from pneumonia are also large.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has received from Spain three from the State Department at Washington the sum of \$17,500 as income for the loss of property and other injuries inflicted upon its work at Ponape, one of the Caroline Islands, by the Spanish authorities a few years since.

Isaac Douglass, John Trainer and Louis Sharp, prominent Fayette county farmers, met at Lexington, Ky., Thursday, and discussed the Owens-Benny Brookline election and then quarreled. In the fight that followed Trainer shot Douglass through the heart, killing him instantly, and stabbed Sharp in the side, probably fatally wounding him. Sharp is a brother of ex-State Treasurer Steven G. Sharpe.

Alfred Carpenter, son of John N. Carpenter, son of John N. Carpenter, of St. Paul's school, was hit in the right temple by a snow ball, while at play Saturday afternoon and died from the effects of the blow that night. He was a member of form 3 and nearly 17 years old. His father arrived and took charge of the body Friday noon. The sad affair cast a gloom over the entire school. Carpenter being a great favorite with all his fellows.

Steamer Sylvia, from New York, via Halifax, arrived at St. Johns, N. F., Thursday, and reports she encountered fearful weather after leaving Halifax for that port. Wednesday morning a hurricane struck her, sweeping everything before it. She had steadily built up steam, and the ship, followed by a cheer that swelled into a great volume of sound as the steam whistles in the yard and the funnels of waiting steamers in the river added their noise to the din. At the vessel began to move at two minutes past eleven o'clock, and she was soon up to speed, having cut the cable of the big ship behind her. The stock train from the State of Maine did not arrive at Brighton last week until 9 P. M., Tuesday night, a long, dry, dreary ride coming to market, fourteen hours behind the usual time of arrival. The stock was reduced by 10 per cent; cement \$1.60 per cwt.

Whatever be the future of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the Tabernacle Sunday School will be perennial, I am sure," Dr. Talmage has resigned the pastorate of the Tabernacle congregation, as he is not willing to call upon them to build a fourth church during his ministry. He has presided in Brooklyn twenty-five years.

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